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VOL. 1. NO. 5.

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This caution has become necessary, in consequence of an attempt by designing persons to sell the ordinary kind of crackers by calling them Farina, and conveying the impression that they are like Wing's Farina. Such an attempt at deception should be understood by all.

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NEW VOLUME.—JANUARY, 1860.

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ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL.—The following are extracts from notices which have appeared in the public journals of this country and England, respecting the ARCHITECTS AND MECHANICS JOURNAL:

It is edited with evident ability. . . . . together, the best work of the kind ever published in the city.—[Scientific American.

A valuable journal, and deserves to become a permanent institution.—[New-York Evening Post.

It is very creditably got up, and contains some admirably executed wood-cuts.—[London (Eng.) Artizan.

It is just such a work as every practical architect and mechanic should have.—[St. Louis Democrat.

Of great value to the class to whom it is addressed, and is conducted with great ability.—[New-York Sunday Times.

Will be a help to all house-planners and builders.—[New-York Century.

Carries with it an air of greater honesty of purpose and mildness of expression than many of its predecessors.—[Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal.

Contains much that is of value and interest to engineers, master-builders, mechanics, and manufacturers.—[Boston Courier.

The first number, now before us, contains several papers of interest and value, and affords a favorable promise of the future character of the work.—[N. Y Tribune.

Contains several nicely-engraved illustrations of mechanism and architecture. The typographical appearance of the work is very fine indeed.—[Buffalo Express.

We welcome warmly the appearance of a periodical devoted to architecture and construction in America, and which, we may judge from the first number, will be conducted in a manner befitting its object.—[London (Eng.) Builder.

How delightful it is to glide over the smooth ice on a calm day in Winter!

No; on second thoughts it isn't!

ADVICE TO GREEN SKATERS.

Don't get "rockers," to begin with. They're not the things for a novice. Get a pair with straight bottoms, and remember the crease. As you value your neck, don't forget the crease. To be sure, tie a string on your finger.

Next, what is a skate without straps? Get 'em strapped. Buckles, rings, etc. Exercise your fancy as to curlicues—if that's the way you spell it—on the toes of your skates.

Don't waste your time beforehand in drawing fancy figures of beasts, birds, and fishes that you mean to "cut." You won't cut 'em, the first day. You will cut a figure, doubtless, but not on your preconceived models.

☞ Go to a sensible worker in leather, and get a soft circular *pad* made, four or five inches in diameter and hollowed on the inside. Get it fitted carefully to the back of your head, and have strings to it. To remember to have it thick and soft, tie another string on your finger.

Now shoulder your skates; put your pad in your pocket (pocket-pistol in another); and find your way to the skating-pond—if you're smart enough.

Survey the scene of your meditated exploits. Select some graceful skater, and tickle your fancy with the idea that you will soon surpass him, in a thing apparently so easy to do.

Take a swig from your flask.

Now produce your pad, and bind it firmly to the back of your head, keeping your thoughts to yourself. (If you're an enthusiast in Astronomy, and desire to prosecute your studies in the day-time, you may omit the pad—as it may impede your progress in the science. Otherwise it'll pay to keep it on).

Bind on your skates. (This doesn't mean, to *do* anything on your skates, for you're not on 'em yet. To prevent ambiguity we will say, strap your skates to your feet).

Now commend yourself to some decent idol—if you have time before falling—and shove boldly, one leg at a time, disregarding the jeers of the bystanders.

If your pad strikes you (as) a little too hard, stuff your handkerchief under it.

☞ As everybody will be certain to think you an ass, and drunk besides, (at least the ladies will) you may as well have the game with the name; therefore don't neglect your flask. It will ease a fall (should you *chance* to slip up) very materially.

Console yourself with the reflection that even General Washington would have looked ridiculous on his first pair of skates. Fancy him on 'em, and take courage.

Drive directly home when you've broken your arm. It won't matter so much in case it's your neck.

☞ Try it again sometime, unless you've taken an oath to the contrary.

Fascinating Manners.

How glad we are to see such an advertisement as the following, in that truly good and moral paper, the *Herald:*

YOUNG LADIES OF GOOD PERSONAL APPEARANCE and fascinating manners, can always obtain situations at the Gaities Concert Room, 600 Broadway, and by applying to Mr. Kelly, after 12 in the afternoon. Good salaries and easy work.

We know, after this, that no fear need be entertained that the fairer and more helpless portion of God's creatures, will receive due encouragement. "Good salaries and easy work!" Benevolent employers! Wishing only to encourage "fascinating manners." It is only necessary that they should be young, pretty and fascinating, to ensure the milk and honey of the land. Is it not strange that young, pretty and fascinating girls will sew and toil, when they can read the *Herald* and find out where they can get "Good salaries and easy work?"

Once More.

Mayor Wood objects to having a clock put in the cupola of the City Hall. Now he is in office, he don't want the people put up to the time of day.

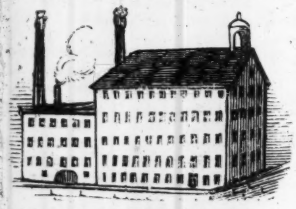
From Our Own Correspondent.

The Government contemplates furnishing us with a new cent as soon as the ore is smelt. It will probably have an odor of Mint.

Always on the Watch.

Peter Funk.

THE HOUSE THAT BIGELOW BUILT.



This is the House that Bigelow built.

This is the sand
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

This is the stone that lay in the sand
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

This is the spring
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand,
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

This is the fount
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand,
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

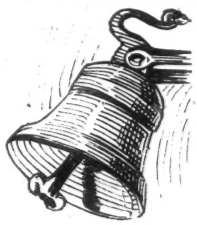
This is the hand
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand,
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

This is the beam all crumbled and worn
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand,
On which was raised the House that Bigelow built.

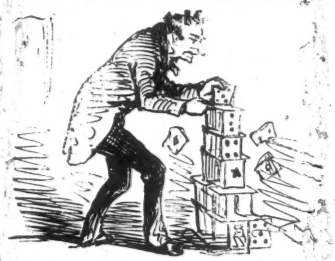
This is the work-girl all forlorn
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand, [built
On which was raised the House that Bigelow

This is the father all mangled and torn,
Who died with the work-girl all forlorn,
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand, [built.
On which was raised the House that Bigelow

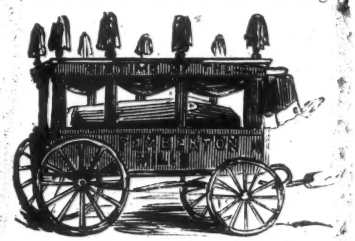
This is the widow with babe just born,
Who wept for the father all mangled and torn,
Who died with the work-girl all forlorn,
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand, [built.
On which was raised the House that Bigelow



This is the bell that on that morn
Toll'd death to the widow with babe just born, [torn,
Who wept for the father all mangled and
Who died with the work-girl all forlorn,
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay on the sand, [built.
On which was raised the House that Bigelow



This is the Architect, covered with scorn,
Who heard the bell on that awful morn
Toll death to the widow with babe just born,
Who wept for the husband mangled and torn,
Who died by the work-girl all forlorn,
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand, [built.
On which was raised the House that Bigelow



This is the hearse o'er which thousands mourn,
That was filled by the Architect, covered with scorn,
Who heard the bell on that awful morn,
Toll death to the widow with babe just born,
Who wept for the husband mangled and torn,
Who died by the work-girl all forlorn,
Who was crushed by the beam all crumbled and worn,
That was split by the hand,
That filled the fount,
Whence flowed the spring,
That sapped the stone,
That lay in the sand, [built.
On which was raised the House that Bigelow

HOW IT OPERATES.

Scene.—A Restaurant in Washington.

M. C.—H'm! let me see. Bring me some turtle soup, some salmon cutlets, chicken sauté with champignons, and a bottle of Green Seal.

WAITER.—Excuse me, sir; but is the Speaker elected yet?

M. C.—What's that to you?

WAITER.—Beg pardon, sir; but we've got orders not to trust any one till there's an Election.

THE GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.

(FROM OUR WASHINGTON DRAMATIC CRITIC.)

THE extraordinary and astounding performances at the National Acrobatic and Equestrian Ampitheatre at Washington continue to excite the liveliest attention all over the country. The most daring and startling feats are there exhibited daily, and the unrivalled troupe of artists have already won imperishable laurels and things.

Among the most striking of these *tours de force* is that of the Original Strong Man, Mr. Sherman, who beats Monsieur Gregoire out of sight. This celebrated acrobat stands tolerably upright, apparently with great ease, beneath an overpowering load of responsibility, upon which is piled an additional weight of abuse, personal and political. Around his neck is hung a certain Compendium, which is of itself sufficiently heavy to crush a legion of giants, and in each hand, at arm's length, he holds copies of the *Globe* and *Constitution*, which bear down terribly upon him. If he should succeed in his aspirations, it is said that he will endeavor to sustain the entire Republican Platform, with Monsieur Seward (late from Paris) upon it. We can hardly believe this rumor, however.

The great equestrian feat of the season is that of Signor Hickman, the celebrated Anti-Lecompton Democratic artist, who rides two horses at once, in different directions. The animals are badly matched—one being black and the other white—but both travel remarkably well. This feat is so hazardous that it is confidently expected—if not hoped—that Signor Hickman will ultimately fall between his two steeds, and be trampled under foot by them.

Last week, Monsieur Pryor introduced his terrific knife-throwing feat, which produced a great furore. Mr. Sherman stood up against his platform, and Mons. Pryor hurled a volley of the sharpest and most dangerous knives at him, without inflicting the slightest wound, or touching him anywhere. At another performance, Mr. J. G. Bennett, an outsider, allowed Mons. Pryor to experiment upon him, and retained his position without injury—indeed, without exhibiting the least timidity.

The notorious Clown, Extra-Billy Smith, has been among the most popular of the artists. His burlesque attempts at rough-shod riding, turning summersaults, and other legitimate tricks—mostly one-horse business—are wonderfully laughable. He has not repeated his egg-nog feat in public, since the Holidays, but still holds himself ready to talk a thousand follies in a thousand hours, as soon as the plurality rule may be adopted. Altogether, we can safely say that Extra-Billy is the most absurd and ridiculous clown we have ever heard of.

The minor performances, such as the extraordinary balancing, dodging, wire-walking and pulling, by the Anti-Lecomptonnite Brothers from Indiana; the fire-eating by the Disunionist Wizards; the confusing and labyrinthine mazes, blindfold marches, promiscuous tumbling, inextricable twistifications and contortions by the entire troupe, are beyond all praise; for which reason, nobody praises them.

It is expected that this highly moral, amusing, and instructive exhibition will be kept up for some time longer, and we cordially recommend it to all who like to laugh out of both sides of their mouths.

His New Game.

A paragraph to the effect that Capt. Henri de la Rivière has been compelled, by poverty, to accept a situation as billiard-marker, procured for him by Lola Montez, is going the rounds. There is nothing strange in this. The "gallant Zouave" failed to Make his Point by Playing Count, and it is no more than fair that he should take to Counting Points while others Play.

Something he didn't Think of.

A Mr. Siddons is advertising extensively a lecture which he terms "deeply interesting," to be delivered at Clinton Hall, entitled, "How to travel in the Old World." We could suggeest a far more interesting subject, and that is, "How to get the money."

THE FIGHT THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

There was a little Marshal we all know well,
Who, though he was chock full of news, declared he would not tell;
He swore an oath, a wondrous oath, which to repeat were vain,
That what he knew, he'd let them know, they should not know again.

By came a reporter, his name it was Stout,
Who, just as these chaps sometimes will, went questioning about,
Went questioning and asking, for shreds or scraps of news,
Which made this little Marshal to shake in his shoes.

He began to shiver, and he began to shake,
Because he was so hopping mad, he thought he'd have to break.
Then up he came, so fierce and big, just like a war-yur bold,
And to vamose from those "diggins" Reporter Stout was told.

Reporter Stout felt stout enough to bid the war-yur stand,
And told him that he'd catch it, sure, if he laid on his hand:
Then spake this galliant Captain, a-drawing out his purse,
"I'll bet a hundred dollars that I do not get the worse."

The galliant Captain hopped about like pop-corn in the pan,
He squared and feinted, fibbed and drew, but didn't touch his man;
And the reason why he didn't fight, when he had got the will,
Was because he had no one to hold that hundred dollar bill.

And so the galliant Captain adjourned the fight with Stout,
Who still continues questioning, and asking all about,
But, when the Captain finds a man who stakeholder will be,
He'll fight Stout for that hundred, and may we be there to see.

Ambiguous.

Louis Napoleon's polite mode of informing the world that he would give freedom to Italy, began with "I *take* the libertv, etc."

DEATH, THE BUILDER.

HERE is a Builder, whose name is Death,
A fearful one I ween;
He builds the frail walls with a breath,
And blood 's the cement between.

"Can I not make them look strong?" saith he,
"And save the owners gold;
While the dividend fat will be sweet to me,
Whether paid by the young or the old."

He gazed at the walls with laughing eyes;
He kissed the death damp stones;
It was for the Lords of Enterprise,
So he worked in the blood and bones.

"My Lords wish it cheaply built, they say,"
The Builder laughed in glee;
"And I'll build so cheap that some fine day,
A sorrowful sight they will see.

They shall all toil there day and night,
Confiding in my care,
But the World shall behold a fearful sight,
When my villany is laid bare."

Then the mother will learn in tears and pain,
Her sole support is gone;
And the gray sire's curse will rise in vain,
Except to the Judgment Throne.

O, but Charity's mite will heal the wrong,
The Builder did that day;
And the Martyr's blood will not linger long,
For gold will wash it away.

Balmy.

A young fellow, whose presumptive inheritance was dissipated through the extravagance of his father, now finds consolation in the proverb, "Ce n'est que le premier Pa qui coute."

The Gem of the Sea.

In Ireland, we are told, pigs and their owners sleep together. In that case the pigs must get very dirty.

Rising with the Birds.

Getting "high" on a lark.

POLICE CIVILITIES.

Mr. Pillsbury, our $10,000 article in the Chief of Police line, has opened communications with Mynherr Herron Speltz, the Chief of Police at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Germany, asking an exchange of matters of police intelligence. Mr. Speltz has replied that he will be happy to comply with the request. We feel proud of the enterprise of our Superintendent, and do not begrudge his salary in the least. Hereafter, we shall know what they are doing at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; it will, therefore, not be of the slightest consequence that we should know what is doing at Cow Bay, or among the ticket-swindlers along West-street. We have been favored with a sight of the first letter from Mr. Speltz, and feel great pleasure in giving it verbatim, in a literal translation.

"Sir,—In accordance with your wish, we proceed to give you items of police intelligence for last twenty-four hours at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

"Herr Spifflendonfer has just lost his little dog Sauer-kraut. Offers one thaler reward.

"Ian Schweitzer-kase drunk again. Fined forty kreutzers.

"Higgi steufel and his wife had a row; old woman came off best. Both locked up until to-morrow.

"Policeman Schawllowsummut has had a bad turn. Cause unknown. Leave of absence one week.

(Signed) HERRON SPELTZ,
Chief of Police, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Should be More Careful.

The *Herald*, a few days since, was careless enough to insert the following paragraph in its columns:

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—We were shown yesterday a singular freak of nature, consisting of a hen with four legs and two tails; the two extra legs occupy a prominent place behind the natural ones, but do not touch the ground, unless the hen is frightened, or being chased, when she uses all four to hasten her speed. The two tails go off in different directions like the forks of the letter Y, but, unfortunately, she has lost part of one of them, owing to a dog having worried her; she is quite tame, and from her strut appears to be proud of her extra appendages. She was bought from a Long Island farmer by a gentleman of this city, for the sum of twenty dollars.

As an immediate result, all persons having natural curiosities were immediately anxious to exhibit them to the Heraldic editor. That gentleman has therefore, since the above insertion, been obliged to inspect a calf with two heads and eighty-four or eight fore legs. A kitten without any eyes, two dogs with six tails, a horse with his head where his tail should be, and a real genuine double-headed baby preserved in spirits. We hear farther that a Western gentleman is on his way to New-York with a lot of living rattlesnakes and a genuine horse with a snake in his eye. We await the result, which will unquestionably be a series of first-rate notices on Zoological subjects.

A Debate in Mr. Pryor's Style.

Mr. Pryor, (Dem.) of Va., said the gentleman was a liar. Those who were at that moment resisting him (Mr Pryor) and his friends were liars, and a mere miserable minority, any one of whom, if he had but sand enough in a Richmond bar-room, he would shoot like a dog. He (Mr. Pryor) spoke the Anglo Saxon language plainly, and he repeated that the gentleman had lied. Should the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Sherman, be elected he gave distinct warning that the country would run with blood.

Mr. ——.—Does the gentleman from Virginia wish to cast aspersions on my veracity. If so, I can inform him that I am ready to meet them, here or elsewhere, as he pleases

Mr. Pryor.—rose to explain, he assured the gentleman from —— that nothing was farther from his thoughts. He had not the slightest idea of anything of the kind. Wouldn't do it. Disowned any such intention. Was innocent of the imputation. Declined the responsibility.

To Mothers of Large Families.

Housewives who object to the demolition of their crockery have but to borrow a hint from the railway official and Put Down the Breaks.

Reprehensible.

A well-known actor in this city is accused of inebriety; it is said that he Gets On his Tights every evening.

Bohn Mot at Columbia College.

"How much Greek have you studied, Tom?"
"Oh! Quantities."

SCIENCE IN COW BAY.

DOATING MOTHER.—Bless his 'ittle heart! He has ways about him, he has, so like his own father. He takes to that poker as nateral as if it was a jimmy!

THE LAY OF THE OMNIBUS HORSE.

The route is long, the wind is cold,
The stage-horse is infirm and old,
O'er slippery Russ—through hillocked snow
He slides or jerks, not sure though slow.
His teeth in front, his tail behind
Are gone;—he's spavined, lame and blind,
His piebald hide prevents his bones
Alone from falling on the stones.
Ah! clumsy wretch! can'st hardly pull
Thine own short breath, much less, when full,
The stage;—still open flies its door,
There's always "room for just one more!"
"Gee up, old soger! lift them legs!
"Now shake yer trotters; stones ain't eggs!
"Ecod! some horses does grow proud!
"When Fibsey's driving 'taint allowed;—
"So hold yer mutton!" Whack! whack! whack!
Each stroke draws blood from that poor back;
At length an amble, then a hop—
Perhaps a canter—now full stop.
Again the whip falls—stumble on
Old steed, or rather skeleton!
The Park's in sight, the load weighs less,—
He'll reach the Ferry yet, I guess.
Jolt! splash! kebunk! whoa! steady! ho!
"Fourteenth-street, if you're going, *go!*"
The Astor's passed. Jounce through the throng
Of carts and 'busses—clank along!
Come, travel on old nag! let's brush
By "Knickerbocker" with a rush!
A smooth block here—so do your best!
Away we go! we're breast to breast!
Its "neck or nothing" now, old horse—
Give them a touch of Fashion Course!
"Hold up! ho! easy! down by Jip!
"That's 'Soger's 'leventh fall this trip!"—
Says Fibsey nimbly getting down
To where his hapless beast lies "blown,"—
Hard heaving on the icy Russ.
Small boys crowd round—policemen fuss,
The harness freeing off the steed,
Causing anew his wounds to bleed.
He kicks and struggles—"Lend a hand!"
He's up! Alas! he cannot stand!
That hind leg's broken—down he goes
Upon his death-bed, I suppose.
Tuck straw beneath him —give him room
To kick awhile ere "crack o' doom"
Relieves his pain . . . . . so let him lie—
A moral unto passers by.
Full many a sixpence has he gained,
But for each one a blow sustained;
Full many a trip in life he's made,
The luckiest, though, was that which laid
Him here in death,—beyond the power
To know his woes another hour.

All Full!

If we may believe the crazy commissioners of Massachusetts, the Bay State, from Berkshire to Barnstable, (including, by all manner of means, Boston,) will soon be one grand Bedlam. Some lands are invaded by locusts—this poor Commonwealth is beset by lunatics. "They are deserted," say the Commissioners, "upon our wharves; they are dropped in our streets; they are left in our depôts." There must be some misunderstanding here. It must be supposed that Massachusetts has been designated by Divine Providence as the Botany Bay of the Bewildered, or, to speak more kindly, as the Canaan of the Crazy. To remedy this mistake, we recommend the erection, upon the shores and upon the frontiers, of sign-boards, with the inscription:

"POSITIVELY NO VACANCIES FOR THE VACANT-MINDED."

L. Y.

AS "THE NOBLE WAMPANOAG."

The following item is going the rounds:—

The Secretary of the Interior has applied to the Sac and Fox Indians for a full Indian war-dress, to be presented, through the French Minister, to Louis Napoleon. The tribe has most generously responded with a splendid equipment; scalping-knife, tomahawk, peace-pipe, and various other articles of savage warfare. No expense has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

Who could have imagined a more appropriate costume for His Imperial Majesty to wear to the Peace Congress? And how amiable he would look in it, wouldn't he?—

SHAKSPEARE FOR THE COUNTER-JUMPERS.

You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.—MACBETH, *Act* 1, *Scene* 3.

THE SYBARITES OF THE SHOP.

When Rinaldo found his manhood wasting in the voluptuous gardens of Armida; when the wise Ulysses—who, if he lived now, by the way, would have been a patent-safe man—awoke to the consciousness that the enervating atmosphere of Calypso's island was robbing him of all vigor and energy, the one and the other made tracks, and forswearing embroidered slippers, French chocolate and "Bouquet de Jockey Club," donned their armor, shouldered their shields, went out into the world, and were men once more. If Rinaldo and Ulysses had remained forever in their comfortable quarters, toasting their toes, and ironing out the crumpled rose-leaves on which they slept, what would we have thought of them? As it is, we have no great opinion of either Armida or Calypso, for admiring a great strapping fellow who could consent to sit down and make a molly coddle of himself.

We have quite a population of small Rinaldos and Ulysses amongst us at present; minus the deeds of arms, and the astute philosophy. They do not repose on rose-leaves, nor dwell in tropical gardens. Their bowers of pleasure are decorated with moire-antique, tulle, crinoline, and lace veils. They are curled and dyed and dressed and scented, regardless of all expense. They wear the shortest of boots, and look on peg-tops with a sort of awe, as a desirable consummation, but one which they have not yet summoned up sufficient courage to attain. Their hands are white and their nails oval. They all look as if each was the twin brother of the other. They are fond of smiling, and have a weakness for fancy waistcoat-buttons. They are fond of dancing at Perbaccho's, and do their steps with a terrible precision. They spend most of their money on clothes, and what they call a "spree" on some anniversary—New Years, for instance—and dine at a cheap restaurant for three months afterwards. We need hardly explain, after this enumeration, that we allude to dry-goods clerks.

These wretched effeminate, mostly uneducated, creatures, smirking and smiling all day long across a counter; these fellows whose highest ambition it is to be able to measure merino with a grace, and sell sarsenet with suavity; these muscleless, slim-shouldered, flat-chested bipeds are at the bottom of one of the greatest social evils of the present time. A man, if he be a man, is always sure of an independence by labor. His resources are inexhaustible. But his place is out in the free fight of Life. Woman, on the contrary—Lucy Stone notwithstanding—is limited in her sphere. Drive her out of that, and what resource is left? Ah! indeed, what resource? Tell it, guardians of the night! Tell it, hospital physicians! Tell it, matrons of the Magdalen asylums! Now the selling of silks and satins and laces properly belongs to woman. Yet this department is amongst us almost entirely usurped by men. If every great retail establishment through the land were to-morrow to substitute female for male clerks, what a vast vacancy would be opened to female industry! What a reformation would be worked in those flabby fellows, who now are merely called men by courtesy. The sad nocturnal processions of Broadway would cease to grieve us, with their melancholy painted pageanty; and Mr. Niminy, and Mr. Timiny, and Mr. Piminy, would be forced into becoming men after the Rev. Charles Kingsley's own heart. These few remarks are intended only as hints thrown out for popular digestion. The subject is one so important that we cannot, even if we would, be funny while treating it. But we do not intend to let it drop. We will, if we can, kill these heroes of the ell-wand by inches.

Ca Va Sans Dire.

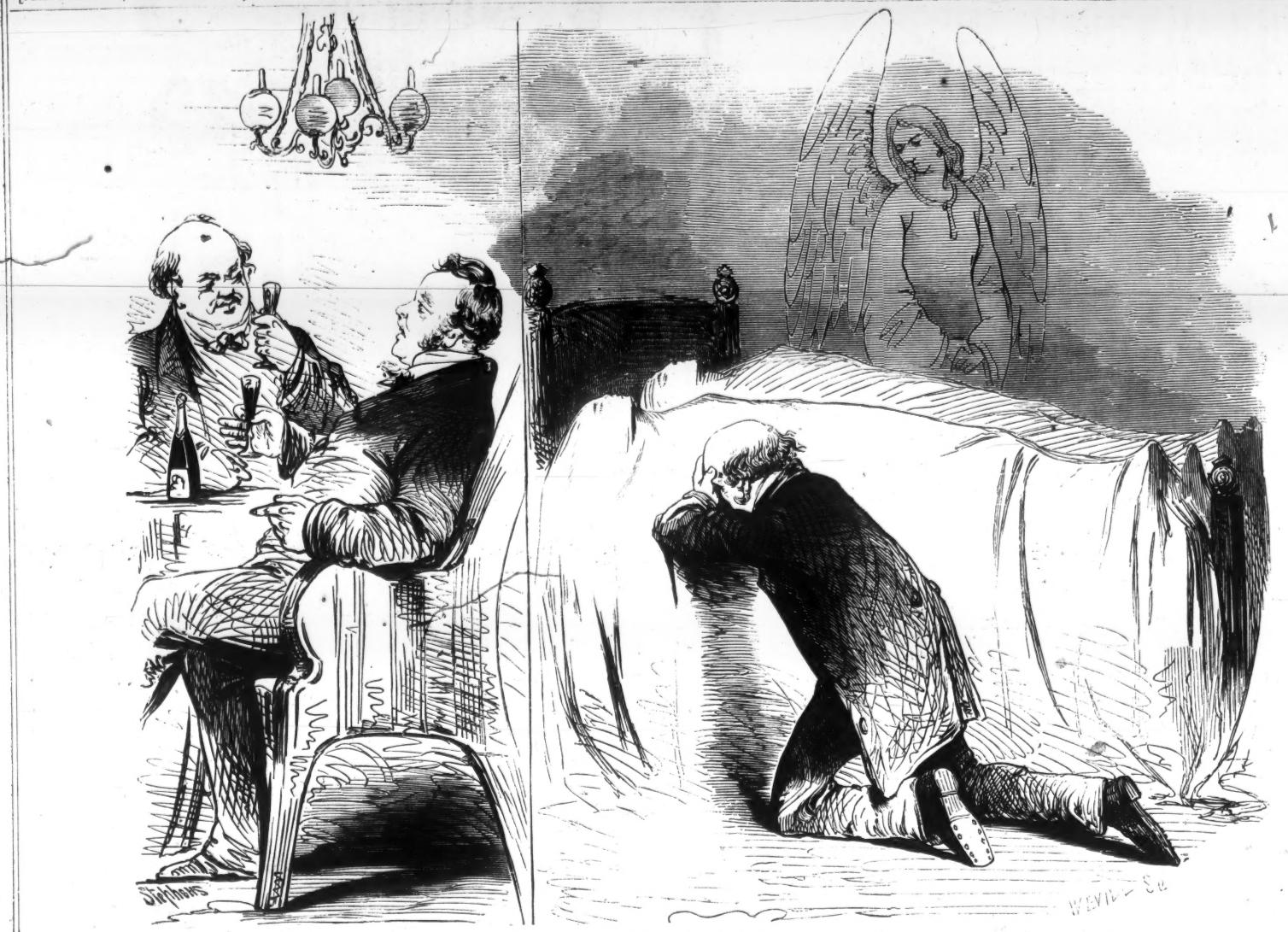
The "military editor" of one of the Sunday papers says that "there is a project for a parade of the entire infantry of New-York State, on foot." We should like to know if he ever heard of infantry parading in any other way.

Excelsior.

It is reported about town, that Tom Hyer got into a fight last week, with a workman in a ship-yard, and came off second best. Another proof, this, that "the laborer is worthy of his Hyer."

The "Bone of Contention" in the House.

Jaw-bone.



TWO HOMES.

THE STOCKHOLDER'S.

THE COTTON-SPINNER'S.

WORSHIP IN WASHINGTON.

RATIFYING is the fact that amid all the passionate excitements and giddy frivolities of the Capitol a spirit of devotion and of praise still exists. "Occasional," the most regular correspondent at Washington, writing to the Philadelphia *Press*, unfolds a touching tale of the religious affairs. "The church-going bells rang out in changeful melodies their invitation to the temple, the other Sunday morn," just in time, we presume, to pack up their clappers and be off to their own favorite sanctuary. Although "the Tiber that flows at the foot of the Capitoline Hill took up the week-day song of the House of Representatives, and losing its usual size of a mere thread of straggling water, in blusterous and bloated strength, brawled and headlong rushed along"—although, indeed, the walking was bad, and the necessity for the most costly of cabmen urgent, "Occasional" "wended his way, in company with some young ladies," to the Church of St. Aloysius. We are at no loss for the meaning of his rapturous exclamation. "In many climes, in crowded cities, and in the forests of the far West, in the Polar and in the Equatorial regions, I have bowed before the altars of many faiths; I respect them, but sincerely do I honor and admire devotion everywhere!" —at no loss to understand it, we repeat, when further progress confronts us with the affecting intelligence that "servant girls filled the pathways with their masters and mistresses; black, brown, and white complexions *hustled each other* at the crossings; high dignitaries of State walked side by side with the artizan, all on their way to the same place of worship." Will tyrants oblige us by trembling on their thrones? Will despots be so good as to tear their hair? The same place of worship for the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and the poor girl come down to Washington to be a part of the gaiety of the season! One footstool of penitent supplication, one confessional of weakness and necessity, for Judge Taney and Extra-Billy Smith! "Senators and members of the House, and their wives and children; men learned in the law, medicine, *and* science, and men and women prominent in Social life, "drooping upon their knees, with heads bowed in profound devotion," all in the closest contact with persons employed, perchance, upon the Capitol extension, with Clerks of the Departments, with the waiters at Willard's! Surely, republicanism needs no stronger recommendation than this, and whence should it proceed, if not from the centre ef our happy system?

A Cautious Witness.

At Lawrence, Mass., one Benjamin Coolidge, being examined by the Coroner respecting the House built upon the Sand, which fell with such a fearful fall, luminously answered: "As an engineer, I am unable to form an opinion. As an individual, I think the walls were strong enough." If Mr. Benjamin Coolidge had been in the building, as an engineer, he might, we suppose, have been killed, but as an individual he would certainly have been saved. With the work-girls, who were too poor to have more than one character, the case was fatally different.

Modest.

Most men "look out for number one"—Louis Napoleon only looks out for No. III.

A Regular Jail Bird.

A Burglar, when he's a Robbin'.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

The dealings in New York Central were on a more liberal scale last week; this is a change for the better in the Board of Directors.

In several of the Stocks, and among some of the holders, there was no change of any account.

Bank Shares are held higher. Our Boy tried to get some of them, but found they were out of his reach.

Brooklyn Water Loan was without sales; so several holders were unable to raise the wind.

The U. S. Fives are firm, with a tendency to an advance. We report also the Fives of the Benicia Boy, which are gradually advancing to a favorable point, although we fear they will be quoted among the English Fancies.

A small lot of N. Y. Sixes was bought by Our Boy last week, but, as we had recently given an order for Havannas, there was no demand for them, so he closed with a penny-a-liner of the *Express* for a puff.

There was a brisk movement in VANITY FAIR Fours; we quote 25,000 at par, with an upward tendency.

A small invoice of *Punch* has been thrown on the Market; very little demand, and only saleable on account of previous reputation.

There has been a ready sale for original jokes since the first issue of VANITY FAIR: several parties have supplied themselves liberally with them without credit, but it is thought they will not be able to carry them long, the balances being heavy against them.

We report the Money Market as somewhat tighter since our last. Several calls for loans have been made upon us which were promptly declined.

A Question of Political Economy.

A Georgia newspaper, we notice, thinks that the South will never prosper until it manufactures its own—shoe pegs! This is bringing the whole controversy to a Point. There are many doubts hanging on these pegs., but we especially desire a speedy solution of them, for the sake of sundry unfortunate people, who, unless Chivalry grows good-natured, are in great danger of hanging on something else.

To Spongers.

Though "Time is Money," it is no reason you should "Travel on Tic."

INDEPENDENCE.

SPEAKING of the recent exasperating and un-wash-out-able insult cast upon a respectable colored person in the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church, that able preacher made some of the most extraordinary remarks that we have ever had the pleasure of reading. The insult consisted in a request from a pew-owner that a servant in livery should make room for the rightful occupants, in the pew they had bought, and probably paid for. On this head, the Rev Dr. Cheever said:

It is very proper to note this occurrence, and to rebuke, on such an occasion, the cruel prejudice against the colored race everywhere, and in the churches, and their exclusion, as a caste, on account of their color, even from the prayer-meetings and the sanctuaries of God. In the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, I am informed, the colored and controverted subject is excluded by law, as we have had accounts of the removal of the black man to a quiet upper room nearer Heaven.

That the colored race should be excluded "everywhere, and in the churches," is indeed unjust, to say nothing of their exclusion "even from the prayer-meetings and sanctuaries of God." It leaves them rather a limited field in which to live, move, and have their being. We take it that when a man is despised "everywhere and in the churches," it must make very little difference to him about prayer-meetings and sanctuaries. If we were not permitted to exist anywhere, we think—with all due respect—that the churches would be of comparatively small consequence to us.

It is also a pity about the Fulton-street prayer-meeting. The "colored and controverted subject," whoever he was, should have been permitted to remain there by law, even though his presence, with his friends, might have produced the effect above represented by our artist. The "removal of the black man (what black man, Dr. C.? the original controverted subject?) from the midst of the congregation to a quiet upper room nearer Heaven," we confess we do not quite understand. We rather envy the black man, for a quiet upper room is much more agreeable, generally, than the midst of a Fulton-street prayer-meeting; but we incline to the belief that this statement is metaphorical. Perhaps the black man was killed, and the Rev. Doctor takes it for granted that he found a place at least nearer Heaven than the corner of William and Fulton-streets. Perhaps they locked the black man up in the steeple, in which case the *habeas corpus* act ought to be brought to bear upon him, so as to let him down easy.

We are keenly aware that we may have entirely mistaken Dr. Cheever's meaning—if he had any—after reading his remarks twice, but really, we did not feel competent to comprehend anything whatever. In terminating, we can only say that we hope the colored and controverted black man was not killed, and if he is still confined in the steeple, that he is alive and well.

Pistol Practice.

Many Members of Congress, we understand, are in the habit of carrying revolvers. How much better it would be, if they all followed the recent good example, set by Mr. Haskin, and Dropped them.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

(From Our Own Private, Particular, Personal, Exclusive, and Occasional Correspondent.)

Twelve o'clock is the hour—it is twelve by the cock;
By rule it is time for the Speaker to knock;*
But when he arises, he says with a grin,
That unless he is out, there is nobody in;
Which funny, facetious, wise, witty remark,
Is addressed to TOM TIT—from the West—and the clerk.
Now Tom—prudent Tom, at the moment of rapping,
Was franking his boots home for heeling and tapping;
Which caused a reporter *(The Tribune's)* in fun,
To call Tom *sole* member in more ways than one.
Stern silence received this vile outrage on sense;
Tom was fined punches round, and will pay—sometime hence.
Yet heedless of warning, and reckless, the zany,
Sent the joke to New-Yerk, and was snubbed by Charles D—y.†
And now, having swallowed their boiled, fried, and toasted,
Read the papers, and found themselves flattered or roasted;
Having chewed, smoked, and talked, till there couldn't be more said,
And paid their respects to the cocktails aforesaid,
They remember, thus settled their private affairs,
That their time is their country's, and not at all theirs.
Ain't they paid for attendance? for coming and going?
When they blow their own trumpets, who pays for the blowing?
For motions profound, and for speeches surprising?
For keeping their seats, and, alas! for their rising?
Their fun and their plights? their Philippics and figures?
For attacks upon white folks?—attacks upon niggers?
For setting their lives on the chance of hair-triggers?
For running the risk of occipital taps?
Of nasal disgrace, and of facial slaps?
For franking Smithsonian volumes profound,
To men who don't know that a circle is round?
For swearing our aquiline screamer divine is,
From his blood-thirsty beak to his feathery finis?
Our bird who can whip, by his voice and his eye,
The lion long-tailed and the unicorn spry!
For vowing, unless such and such a bill passes—
The Yeas being Solons—the Nays (of course) asses—
That the country will go to the greenest of grasses?
For proving the man, who is doomed for his sins,
To be snubbed by the Outs and soft-soaped by the Ins,
To live in a House that is queerly called White,
Where he does nothing wrong—where he does nothing right,
A saint or a scamp, a poltroon or a hero.
Than Washington wiser, more wicked than Nero,
With a head like a piris, and a heart below zero?‡
The House come to order; the Journal is read,
Of nothing accomplished and everything said.
(Mr. Clerk has left out of the record the shindy
'Twixt Major Tom Touchwood and General Windy,
Although you can see that fresh plasters lend grace
To the natural beauties of Major Tom's face;
While the General's off, but will speedily write,
From some far distant land, Major Tom to invite
To partake of the glee and the glory of fight.)
And now come petitions, five hundred or more,
From the hungry and houseless, the sick and the sore,
From people half-witted, and people half mad,
Declaring the country has gone to the bad.
With these come remonstrants unnumbered, and they
Hope the House, in its wisdom astonishing, may
Refuse every boon for which other folks pray.
Like the donkey, who stood between two stacks of hay,
Too embarrassed to eat, but not too much to bray,
Poor members may weep for the sad boon of choosing,
May be damned if they grant, and be damned for refusing.
A single wrong move at the coming election
May put them in peril, nay! lead to rejection;
May change all the glories that now so bedizen them
To the gloom of the poor-house—in fact, may imprison them;
May leave them ex-members, the scorn of mankind,
And all for mistaking the way of the wind!
And so for three righs they take solemn position—
The right to their pay, and the right of petition,
With the high constitutional right to go out,
When a question is taken and they are in doubt.
If detected, of course, they need only indite
A letter ingenious to set it all right—
A letter so long, and so fearfully able,
That rather than sift out its facts from its fable,
Any reader not crazy would vote for the sable
Old gentleman known by his hoofs, tail, and smell—
So he votes for the writer, which answers as well,
And is safe, for His Majesty really don't care,
With friends in such numbers, to speak for him there,
To figure in that part of VANITY FAIR.

Mr. EMBER then rises, that fire-eating fellow,
Who comes from a district in which the duello
Is considered religious—in which people fight—
Like the dogs who in barking and biting delight—
With six-shooters and sword-canes, and bowie-knives bright;
And where, of a morning, sweet vengeance is taken,
Before one sits down to his corn-cake and bacon.
Mr. EMBER is furious—says he has borne
Outrageous insults, mountaineous scorn;
Has been knocked down and trodden on, tripped up and kicked,
And his own sunny land most uncommonly licked.
"What to me is your flag? What to me are your stars?
Your goose of an eagle? your gridiron bars?
What to me is the jabber about constitutions?
I go in, yes I do, for some new resolutions.
And I swear—*(cries of "Order!")*—I guess now I do—
(More cries of the same)—Who in h—— cares for you?
I swear, I repeat it, whoever may dare
To call me to order, I'm into his hair!
Blood—victory—glory—defiance!" *(The Speaker*
Has been hammering long, but is now growing weaker.)
"I defy the whole crowd—there is one wretched dog
It would give me particular pleasure to flog."
Mr. TRAY: "You mean me?" Mr. EMBER: "I do, sir!"
Mr. TRAY: "It is false." Mr. EMBER: "'Tis true, sir!"
Mr. TRAY: "You're a liar and knave!" Mr. EMBER:
"Do I understand rightly the words of the member?"
Mr. TRAY: "Do you think I can find you in brains?"
Mr. EMBER: *(Throws inkstand.)* "Take that for your pains!"
They grapple, they wrestle, they scratch and they bite;
There's a fountain of blood flowing rosy and bright;
Now EMBER is down, and now TRAY has the floor;
The House never saw such sweet gouging before;
The Speaker in agony calls for the Sergeant-
At-arms, who is absent on business urgent,
So they fight till they're tired: we really can't say
Whether TRAY "wollop'd" EMBER, or EMBER flogged TRAY;
But the House at the outrage felt so much concerned,
That it, *nemine contradicente*, adjourned.

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* *It is twelve by the cock*—that is, by the cock-tails. The desolate condition of the House, alluded to in the next couplet, is thus accounted for: *Sin. tal. aux.*—there can be no legislation. These are sometimes called Tails of My Landlord, although it is not certainly known that Sir Walter Scott ever drank one of them. See Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S fine poem on "*Matin Imbibation*:"

"Barman, fetch the cock-tail fine,
Which with sudden greatness fills me,
Pour for me, who in my spirit,
Fail in courage and performance.

For the benefit of pharmacy, we subjoin the following formula:—

℞

Of that white liquor which Van Winkle bore
To treat Dutch ghosts at bowls—the same, I ween,
Which Byron vowed the only Hippocrene,
Take thou of fluid ounces three or more!
With this, O boy! the gelid water pour!
Then let the rosy droppings intervene,
Beauteous but bitter—Stoughton 'tis I mean—
With peel of lemon like Pactolian ore!
Of sugar next from Cuba's smiling coast
Snowy and powdered throw in *quantum sufficit!*
From brimming beaker then to beaker tossed,
The whole commix till all's commix'd enough!
Then, if a shilling in my purse remain,
Prepare another, while the first I drain!

† So pronounced by the respected Commander-in-Chief of the Tribunitial forces. The name is derived from *Dan*, signifying Master. Latin, *Dominus*; Spanish, *Don*. Hence Spencer:

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,

though the poet does not here refer to *The Tribune* by any manner of means.

‡ *Vide* those beautiful epigrams addressed to the President by ACARUS PALM, Esq:

Hail! mighty statesman! champion of Columby!
Who doats not on thee must himself a hum be!
In private life I love thee—how much faster
Would be my friendship if I were Post-master!
If I for nothing now so much revere,
Think of my love, if paid for by the year!

Monday.

Liar! apostate! and no doubt a thief!
The century's scandal, and thy country's grief!
Fiend, sent above this sorrowing land to hocus,
Some call thee *Loco*, but I call thee *low cuss!*

Friday.

N.B. The nominations were sent in on Wednesday, and need we say that A. P. Esq., was forgotten

A WENDELL PHILLIPPIC.

NOT OBVIOUS.

1st Passenger.—Have a seat, sir? Plenty of room.

A POET'S LINES FALLEN IN PLEASANT PLACES.

Except the purple-clad and ambrosia-sucking bards attached to Mr. Robert Bonner his *Ledger*, the announcement that Tennyson has been paid ten pounds a-line for a poem has profoundly impressed all the singers of songs. Rolling in wealth as they are, what care Emma Alice Browne, Sallie M. Bryan, and James Gordon Bennett for this advance in the Pegasian livery rates! Only pausing to hint that the effect of the pounds will be to dispel the pensive spirit which breathes autumnally through our daily poetry, the imagination inflates with the results of Tennyson's Ten that are yet in the swaddlings of futurity.

Poets will arise in clouds, in constellations, on the horizon of our literature. They will settle in three or four thicknesses on every fresh and fair thing. The letters of lodgings will be run down with applications for unfinished attics of inspiration. Itinerant beggars will suddenly become the objects of adulation, with a view to dry crust, the nourishment of Genius. Epics will occupy the exclusive attention of one editor in every well-regulated literary emporium. Idylls will be set up by every compositor. Odes, musings, fancies, verses, and lines will be picked up by pedestrians, will flutter down undried from upper stories, come in envelopes directed to the Lady of the House, and poked under doors. Everybody will drop a line, in the hope that it will fall in the pleasant place. Vanity Fair will be compelled to close its doors against a tumultuous mob of men and women with disheveled hair, brilliant, sunken eyes, and rolls of MSS. protruding from their pockets and reticules.

And this will all be the result of Mr. Tennyson's ten-strike.

Very Proper.

Fernando Wood, upon discovering a stereoscope in his house, immediately ordered it to be destroyed. He objected to anything that showed up people with double faces.

An Inspiriting Sight for Glaziers.

The early dawn when it Breaks In the windows,

A Fighting Cock.

The Cock of a Pistol.

The Clergyman's Constant Companion.

Bronchitis.

The Pugilist's Deity.

Nox.

The Fine Arts.

The prevailing epidemic has extended to Rhode Island, and it is proposed to erect, in Providence, a bronze statue of Gen. Greene, who in life was a brave soldier, and in death was buried nobody knows exactly where. The General Assembly thinks of indulging in five thousand dollars' worth of monumental luxury. When the sculptor has been selected, let him follow our advice. If the General was tall, make the statue Tom Thumbian—if the General was fat, make the image Calvin-Edsonian—if his nose, in the flesh, was small, make it in the brass Slawkenbergian! Any blunderer can turn out a fair enough face, but the artist of genius will shine in the epaulettes. Should there be an insane intention of casting an equestrian statue, in the name of the injured horse, we move a reconsideration. There are too many brass horses already in this country, in the most cruelly tormenting positions—agonizing to the spectators and possibly so to the most metallic of steeds. We propose, therefore, to mount the General upon a camel, or hippopotamus, or elephant, or rhinoceros, or some other animal not calculated to hurt the feelings of the accomplished and sensitive ostlers of Providence.

College Honors.

We notice that the undergraduates of Harvard College have held a mass-meeting, and unanimously voted young Forbes (who, with his billy, nearly murdered the University watchman) to be the undoubted possessor of the principal cardinal virtues. The fractured custodian still lives; but in the event of his death, another meeting of the juvenile associates of this promising boy will, we understand, call for his admission to all the literary honors from A. B. to S. T. D., including the rather significant one of A. M., making him, in fact, a Panglossian Plug-Ugly.

Nap's Soliloquy.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a (Holy) See of troubles, etc.

"Misery loves Company."

So does Bridget.

How our National Meerschaum has Colored.

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OR
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FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying O the hair.
Yes, for beautify- H! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
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FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
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whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
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VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
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